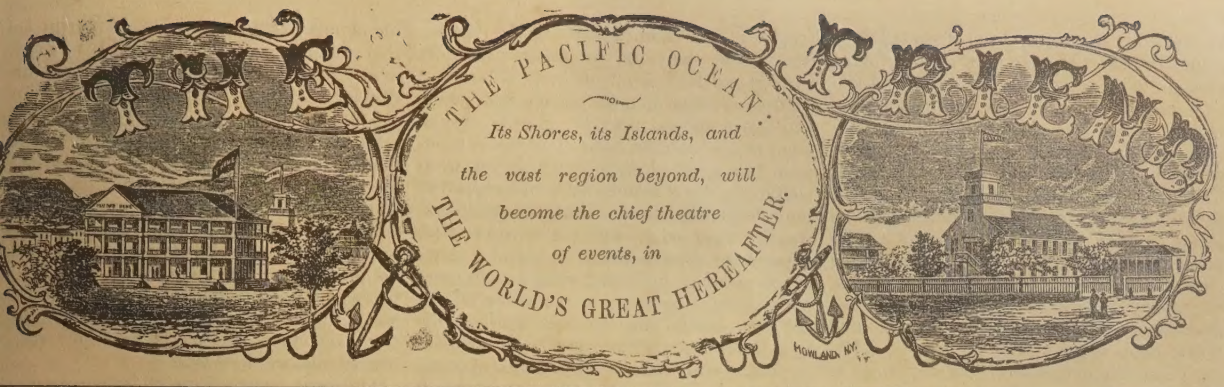

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THE FRIEND.

JANUARY 4, 1881.

OAHU COLLEGE.—In our last issue we noticed the donation of seats to the institution. We rejoice to learn that improvements, costing about one thousand dollars, have been made, enlarging the verandah, above and below, of the main school building, towards the mountains. This improvement will greatly enlarge the main audience room above, and the recitation room below. Improvements of this nature are the more to be appreciated, when made without drawing upon the funds of the college, and by those who have graduated at the institution. We hope to have the pleasure of reporting additional contributions of this nature. Let those who have once been taught there, aim to make the institution more desirable and inviting for their children. This is doing good in the right way. We are glad to report a larger number of pupils than was ever previously in attendance. The late examination was highly creditable. The class in Geology appeared remarkably well.

CHRISTMAS GATHERINGS.—We have heard of trees and other demonstrations in various parts of the town. Being present at the Bethel Sabbath School gathering, we can refer to it as a remarkable success. More than one hundred little hearts were made glad, if their bright faces and sparkling eyes were indications of their heart-emotions. If any person, like the Pharisees of old, should murmur at such a demonstration, we would reply to them in the Saviour's own words "I tell you that if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."—Luke, 19: 40.

☞ Seventy five newspapers are owned and edited by colored people in the United States.

☞ We most heartily congratulate our Brother Frear, in view of the surprise demonstration at the parsonage of Fort St. Church, on Christmas Eve.

REV. F. THOMPSON, formerly of Hilo, has been invited, from the Congregational Church of Windham, Connecticut, to become Pastor of the Congregational Church of Wilton, Connecticut.

☞ Rev. Dr. Hartwell has organized a Chinese Baptist church in San Francisco, consisting of ten members. The articles of faith were written in Chinese and English by Dr. Hartwell.

REV. E. P. BAKER.—It affords us sincere pleasure to welcome another Ministerial fellow-laborer to the islands. The Rev. Mr. Baker, our fellow-passenger from San Francisco, has met a kindly welcome at Hilo, and his services are highly appreciated. Most certainly he preached a sermon on board the steamer, coming down, which would have done credit to any pulpit.

HAWAIIAN ALMANAC & ANNUAL, FOR 1881.—Just as our paper was going to press, we received a copy of this publication, which has been issued annually for seven years. Our limits will not allow us to say a tenth part we should be glad to print, about Mr. Thrum's valuable publication. We would call special attention to the article on the postal law, and its complications, compared with the admirable system of International Postal arrangement.

ANTI-POLYGAMY STANDARD.—This is the name of a new publication, just started in Salt Lake City. It is edited by a lady, and is the organ of an association of ladies in Utah. Its utterances are clear and outspoken. It was our privilege to meet the editor in our late trip overland. We were much pleased with her earnest spirit, and marked ability to engage in a work of this nature. We were glad to learn that the foul plague spot was to be effectually wiped out, by pure-minded Christian ladies, who have entered upon a nobler crusade than that which led the Crusaders of a former century to attempt the recovery of Jerusalem from the Infidels.

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD.—No. 48

A FEW JUNE DAYS IN THE HARTZ.

There are three regions in Germany, which, by reason of their wealth of legendary lore, their extensive, fragrant, glorious, forests of fir, pine and birch; their healthful, invigorating air; their exquisite natural beauty of mountain and plain, river and lake, and the glimpses which they offer of a simple, rural, peasant life, now fast passing away, are sources of rare delight and satisfaction to a stranger-traveller, and a continual joy and inspiration to the German people, from generation to generation. Thuringia, the Black Forest, and the Hartz Mountains. I have just returned from a few delighful days of rambling among the forests and mountains of the last-named of these regions, in the lovliest time of all the year, mid-June, and while the spell of its beauty rests sweetly and freshly upon me, I desire to tell you something of the experiences of the past week. And yet, with my pen ready to perform its service, and my heart full of desire to make you a sharer in the joy which I found in this Hartz-excursion, I feel how impossible it will be for me to tell the story as I would, because of the impossibility of putting into expression the magical, subtle charm which broods over this reigon, which seems to welcome and envelope you as you enter within its limits, and yet which, if you would chain, and fetter, and *word* it, is gone in a moment. All this is rather discouraging to the writer of travels, who had thought he could send to others something of the same beauty and glory which had, for a time, surrounded him. And yet, perhaps, after all it may be a very salutary lesson for us to learn, that there is a certain mysterious sacredness in all revelations of beauty in this world, by which we are constantly surrounded, of which we are so little mindful, and yet of whose far-reaching meaning, and deep, unfathomable significance we are irresistibly reminded, and by which we are humbled and hushed, when we endeavor to measure it by the feeble forces of human thought and expression. Hence, I must leave it to *your* imagination and sympathetic feeling to clothe and glorify the frame-work of my letter, as, through the past months, the Spring and early Summer have been adorning and beautifying the bare and helpless Winter poverty of forests and meadows, with exquis-

ite verdant tapestries, from their hidden, magical looms. If I cannot send you, folded away in these pages, the fragrance, and solemn, murmuring music of limitless forests of pine, rising from glorious, billowy stretches of moss and fern, and crowned with great wreaths of mist and cloud, or the babble and frolicsome glee of mountain streams, or adequate pictures of quaint old mediæval towns, hidden away and asleep under the perfumed mantle of sunny, blossoming shrubs, and June roses in bud and full bloom, or the long shadows, slanting eastward, away from the glow of the sunset, over wide and fertile fields of grain and opulent orchards, yet I can tell you *where* you may come to find and see for yourself all this quiet, restful beauty, and if I might help to guide your steps to this region of Germany, so blessed with gifts of beauty, I should feel that I was giving you a joy for all coming time. But, here I must myself stop for a moment, to think just where these Hartz Mountains, and vallies, and towns are to be found. Really, I scarcely thought myself to inquire; the pleasure I found in being in them, and surrounded by them, made me almost forgetful of their location, and I am afraid that I should make poor work at bounding them, geographically. I am growing more and more aware how utterly disqualified I am to write you letters of travel, and that you have borne with me so long is a continual source of surprise to me. I came across some rather ominous words the other day, written by Bayard Taylor, in a charming introduction of his, to his last book of ttavels, "*By-ways of Europe*," where, speaking of travel and travel-writing, he says "We want the naked truth, without even a fig-leaf of fancy." There is such a startling ring about this practical statement, that I feel utterly condemned, and hasten at once (after a glance at the map) to state the "*naked truth*," that, "the Hartz, the most northern mountain chain in Germany, 56 miles in length, and 18 miles in width, belongs chiefly to *Prussia*. This range is entirely isolated, rising abruptly from the plain on every side, especially towards the North-west, and North-east. It is divided into the Oberharz, Unterharz, and Vorharz. The Oberharz is furrowed by numerous dark, wooded ravines. The Unterharz affords a greater variety of picturesque scenery. The principal rock formation is granite, overlying which are the more recent granwachs and clay slate." Nothing could be more exact than this, and, as I copied it, word for word, from the *Guide Book*, it cannot be arraigned on any "fanciful" grounds.

The entire region is studded with interesting, ancient ruins, recalling the early history of Germany, and abounding in interesting reminders of the past. But one of the greatest charms of travel in this beautiful region of country, is to be found in the numberless legends and tales which invest every point with historic or supernatural interest, so that every traveler will cordially echo the words of a recent writer, in her sketch of this part of Germany—"We were in the very heart of the Hartz, the scene of the wildest superstitions of North Germany. In a journey through this wonderful region one wearies, perhaps, of so much tradition. It invests every tree; it laughs at you from every brook; it peeps from among the mountain grasses; it shows a grotesque face on all the gray, old stones, shaded by caps of moss, green, and white, and scarlet-tipped; while ghostly voices seem to question the right of *mortals* to invade this goblin kingdom. And yet, what would the Hartz mountains be if stripped of their legendary lore? Truly, they are always grand, wild, and picturesque, with wooded summits commanding glorious views of hill and dale, cities and villages, and great plains stretching away to the verge of the horizon; but do not the wild stories that have been repeated in every land, surround the place with an indescribable air of mystery, that we would not brush away, even if we could?"

A HOLIDAY TIME.

At Whitsuntide, or *Phingsten*, as they say in German, comes a little holiday season for nearly every one. Then the schools open their doors, and the children are let out for several days of fresh, June air and Summer sunshine; the university lectures and exercises are, for the time being closed, and the students array themselves in walking costume, and take their mountain-stocks in hand, and walk away from Plato and Virgil, the laboratory and dissecting room, to read, for a time, the ever new story of beauty in the uplands and lowlands of their Fatherland. Artisans, mechanics, shopkeepers, all unite in a little resting time, and the forests of Germany echo with the songs of picnic-parties, and country lanes are thronged with companies laden with garlands and flowers, and old hearts seem for the time to grow young, and young hearts are doubly joyful.

As I sit here, writing, and hear the noise of the city about me, I find myself longing, wistfully, to be back once more among the long, cathedral-like aisles of the pines, with a carpet of pine needles and moss under my feet, and glimpses of summer skies above me; to have a tall "Brocken-pole" in my hand; my hat with its garland of oak leaves; clothes which are not afraid of the rain or the sunshine, and a long, June morning of rambling before me. How we all enjoyed the new life, which seemed to break upon us from the first. It seemed as if air was never so sweet and full of sunlight and health, as that we drew in with every new breath.

Almost before we know it we have passed *Spandau*, with its garrison and fortifications. In our carriage is a young German Lieutenant, going to his country home for a few days, and we find him pleasant company, as the train goes on. And now we pause for a little time in *Madgeburg*, where, you will remember, in the Thirty Year's war the terrible Tilly did such murderous work, destroying the city and some thirty thousand people. It is now a thriving, busy, German town. I walked with the young officer, who, though so young in years, had stood with the victorious German army before Paris, and, in that campaign, won his first spurs, to the fortifications lying about the city, now covered with waving grass and clover-blooms, which, I trust, may never be seared and scorched by powder and shell. One of the cathedral towers was slightly maimed by a shot from Tilly's guns, and has never been restored. Among the relics preserved in the Cathedral is a chest, in which Tetzel carried his indulgencies, against which Martin Luther did such valiant conflict. It was a relief, after the unending flatness of the country, to find ourselves on ascending ground. On the horizon, in the evening light, the Hartz Mountains began to outline themselves, and send welcomes to us through the mists which enveloped them. At a little country station we took supper with some American students, going for a holiday trip in the mountains. But their journey was to be more extensive than ours, so, after a pleasant talk of Amherst, Cornell, Hamilton and California Universities, we were forced to say good-bye, adding thereto, however, a hearty *auf weiderschen*.

Our train hastened on, and soon we were quietly sleeping in the little mountain town of Hartzburgh, and with the early morning light we were ready for our first day's walk. I am constantly surprised to see what feats of walking are accomplished here, and it is amusing and stimulating to see the rivalry there is in reference to making a good day's walk in this region. For several days we were on foot, up and down mountains, through vallies, and over rivers, and all along the way, we were met by companies, similarly equipped as ourselves, an umbrella or cane, or mountain-stock in hand, a bag or satchel swung over one shoulder, a plaid or overcoat for protection against the rain, and nothing more. Fine mountain roads led in all directions, and, branching from these, were by-paths, well indicated as a general thing, by guide-boards, or some other sign, and when these were lacking, there was almost always some friendly peasant ever at hand to guide us. I find that my "Journal and Sketch Book" is in rather a confused state, and, in endeavoring to give you a little idea of my *Hartz-Reise*, or journey, perhaps it will be best to send a little outline sketch, as my memory serves me.

HARTZBURGH

Gives one a little idea of many other similar towns and villages which abound in the country regions of Germany, and where the wealthy and well-to-do people of the cities come for summer rest and recreation. It abounds in hotels, beautifully situated, and well kept, is laid out with shade trees, ornamented with private villas and gardens, and rejoices in springs of healing waters, and is accordingly a "bath." Just over the town which lies in the valley rises a hill, the Borgberg, with a commanding view, up whose side we first tested our "walking legs." Beautiful as the country is here in all directions, and inviting as it is of itself, it becomes immensely more so by reason of all the associations which meet one at every point. For instance, sitting here on the Borgberg, in the golden radiance and warmth of a summer morning, with choirs of birds in the trees and a panorama of mountain and plain before us, we find many other things to claim our attention. We sit on the smooth granite steps of the pedestal of a simple but impressive monument erected to the honor of the German Chancellor, Bismarck, on which are graven the significant words: "*Nach Canossa gehen wei nicht!*" We do not go to Canossa, words, to which this valiant leader has never proved false. Here still linger a few fragments of a castle of the German Emperor, Henry IV.,

and here died later another Emperor, Otto IV. Amid the groves at the base of the hill are reminders of the early days of German heathen worship. Just above this little cluster of trees where we stop for refreshment, some one has placed a stone with an inscription to say that one day the German poet *Uhland* visited this spot. Undoubtedly a simple, very simple incident, but the stone is interesting as a reminder of some one's thoughtful appreciation of the poet, and as it calls to mind, in the midst of these poetic scenes, the wild, sweet poetry of this German writer. I was fortunate in my companions, both of whom were young with all the fun of boyhood in them still, yet tempered by the promise of the noble young manhood upon which they are both just entering. You could scarcely find greater contrast, one was the very incarnation of method and order, and came around with a thermometer for the heat, and a "pedometer" to measure the distance we had gone per day, and who could tell us as we halted for the night how many kilometres we had walked since morning. The other would make the longest days seem short, so blessed was he with a memory for amusing stories, and fairly rippled over with jokes in French and German English. So as I have said, I was most fortunate in my companions, and owe to them, as well as to the sunlight and mountains and skies, the pleasant memories I have brought back with me.

IN THE FOREST.

As the day wore on we caught glimpses of the "Brocken," the highest point in the Hartz, looming before us, the goal which we hoped to reach before sun-down, but from which we were separated by a vast ocean of wood-land. After one has lived in the closely inhabited towns and cities of Europe, nothing is more striking in coming out into the country than to see what extensive tracts of land lie uninhabited. The disproportion seems too great! Your heart goes yearning after all the men and women and children, with faces too white and old, crowded in various uncleanly city streets, and amid their unhealthy fumes, and you wish you might scatter amid this glorious green, outer world, all those who hunger for such sweetness and freedom and plenty as are here given in limitless measure. How difficult it is to describe a forest! You feel almost like one at sea, with an ocean before and an ocean behind. You mount some sentinel rock and look out over the closely grouped tops of the pines and wonder how your way will lie, and then driving down into the cool green depths below, where the sun-light shines softly at noon time, or lies along your course, interlaced with the shadows, lose all sense of things without and forget that you belong elsewhere than in this solemn, mysterious under-world, till again you scale some height into the day-light, and look back in vain for the way you have gone and over which the waves have so swiftly closed. I do not remember, in all my journeyings in our tropical forests, with their glorious tangles of vines and ferns, their wild and wayward luxuriance of riotous growth and beauty, to have been so impressed as I have been of late by these forests in the Hartz, with their simple, severe monotony of form and uniformity of coloring, and yet which possess such an indescribably solemn dignity, such calm confidence in the infinite force of their united serried strength, rising fearlessly towards the blue dome above them. And then what stores of perfume and fragrance dwell in these sentinel-like pines and firs! Never in nature could be found such suggestions of cathedral service as in these shadowy aisles, with the aroma of incense from unseen censers, and the music of distant chanting of choirs, as the winds speak in their boughs. We traveled little on the main road, but always by by-paths, which led us away from men into the heart of the wood-lands, so that I do not remember passing a village during the first day's rambles. As the afternoon wore on, the trees about us seemed to diminish in size, and the soft, yielding velvety carpet under our feet, gave way to strong, barren soil, and the climbing was far from easy, and we often paused for a view at the country whose horizon seemed to broaden and widen as we rose higher. Groups of travelers on their way down from the mountain and others came fast up behind us. Still higher stunted trees give place to shrubs, and these to hardy grasses and wild mountain flowers, and in a few moments more we stand on the

SUMMIT OF THE BROCKEN.

Certainly there is no one point in Germany, perhaps none in Europe, about which so much *uncanny* legendary lore clusters as about the mountain on whose summit we have just arrived. The place seems singularly in keeping with its legends, wild, barren, wind-swept, standing above, amidst drifting mists and clouds, far away from the sweet happy life of the villages nestling at its feet, a fitting place for the wild orgies which the witches and spirits of darkness were fabled to celebrate here on Walpurgis night. Long ago, into this region, came the wild and heathen Saxons, and celebrated mid the lonely fastnesses of the Hartz and Brocken their pagan rites. Charlemagne, who believed in enforcing Christianity by the sword, and who was bent on the conversion of the Saxons and the abolition of their paganism, endeavored to compel them to desist from the practice of their religion. He stationed guards to prevent them, but in vain. The unruly savages "arrayed themselves like goblins, with the skins and horns of beasts, with fire forks in their hands, and these rude instruments which they used as protection against wild beasts, and during their sacrificial rites as they danced around the altar. Thus armed, they put the whole of the terrified guards to flight, and proceeded to invite the people to their festival. Hence its celebration on the first of May, on the wildest region of the Hartz, with the snow yet lying on the Brocken, naturally gave rise among the Christians to the belief of witches riding that night upon their broomsticks to add to the infernal mirth and mystery of these heathen rites." The most wild and dreadful tales in reference to these satanic revels were told and believed generation after generation, till this lonely peak of the Brocken or Brocksberg was regarded as peculiarly possessed by evil spirits. I have lately read, though I scarcely believe it, that "during Walpurgis week neither man or boy can be found bold enough to act as guide over the mountains." Goethe has laid one of the scenes of his strange poem of *Faust* here, which renders the spot especially interesting to all admirers of his mystical, shadowy tragedy. Certain heaps of rocks are styled the Witches' Dancing Place, Wash-basin, Devils' Chancel, etc. But all the uncanny character of the summit immediately is dissipated by the spirit of genial hospitality which seems to shine from every point of the hospitable old hotel which was waiting like some kindly friend to welcome us. After the long day's tramping and climbing, and the roar and sweep of the wind, how delightful was the warmth and cheer and comfort which reigned within! I shall always remember the strong, awkward looking old hotel, with its cheery red brick floor, shining and bright, its warm, cozy dining hall, its delightful beds, and wholesome air of sweetness and good cheer. I hope that all travelers coming to this ghost and witch-ridden mountain will find it as full of good cheer as did we. Having strengthened ourselves within, we were ready to come forth to meet all the phantoms of the place. But the wind must have blown them all away. And such a wind, fresh blown from the home of all the winds! How it reveled in this upper world, clear, cold, crystalline, making the blood dance with irresistible joy! The late sunlight lingered as if loath to go. From the tall tower rising in front of the hotel we could sweep at one glance over a wonderful tract of country. Few views in Europe are more interesting historically. It is looking into the very heart of Germany, upturned to the sky. On every side of us were to be seen the red roofs of towns and villages, some clear and manifest, others faint and distant and others lying far, far away on the misty horizon. One could easily fancy himself sailing through space in a balloon with the country spread out like a map beneath him. On a clear day it is said that one can see from this point *eighty-nine cities and six hundred and sixty-eight villages*, partly or entirely—something of a range, is it not? At certain seasons of the year, when the atmosphere is in a peculiar condition, there is seen a phenomena called "The Spectre of the Brocken," being the shadow enlarged to a gigantic size of any one standing in a certain position on the mountain and cast on distant clouds or mist. Unfortunately the time of our visit did not permit us to see this spectral presence. The sun set quietly behind the clouds, leaving us in the midst of the long, grey, summer twilight. Later on, came pale moonlight through the clouds, and the wind died slowly away, and night settled over the great world at our feet, and we left the witches to their dance without, while we found our warm beds within more agreeable. Have we really been at-asleep-at-all? Yes, here it is three o'clock! A bell is sounding through the long corridors, and every room is emptied, and before the hotel in the early morning air, in all manner of hastily donned costumes, like fire-worshipers stand a hundred or so of us, with eyes and face eagerly turned toward the east, waiting for the sunrise. It was a most picturesque scene! People of all ranks of life, in all styles of dress, all for the moment intent upon one of the most inspiring sights in nature. Musicians with instruments, mute for the moment,

students and workmen and tourists. The east was suffused with crimson. The mists lay over the lowlands. The light grew stronger and stronger, the barrier of cloud before the sun glowing from within with the imprisoned flame, until at last bursting its misty bands, the round full orb rose into sight, and the morning's pagear was over. White wreaths of clouds floated up between us and the earth, but the wind spirited them away, so that when we came to say good-bye to the brave old inn, (which stands winter and summer, amid driving wind and snow and rain, and must, if ever they come, have watched the goblins at their work, and yet, which through all, wears a cheery smile on its battered face) the world was bathed in sunshine, unobscured by clouds. The Brocken summit is chary of its growths, but the kindly touch of nature has reached even here, and given something of a softness and charm, just as in the most forbidding face there may be something to love if ever we are only ourselves wise and kind enough to find it. I brought away with me a handful of a delicate white blossom, bell shaped, with an exquisite shading of blue on the base of the petals. In among the rocks the wild heather grows in profusion.

Our coming down from the mountain was accomplished in singularly shorter space of time than the ascent of the same, and soon we were once more in the embrace of the forest, and near the murmur of its trout streams and every mile of brisk walking in the delicious morning air brought us nearer one of the red-roofed villages, upon which we had looked down the night before.

We passed a group of charcoal burners sitting near their wigwam like house and smouldering heap, like spirits of the woods and mountains. How the sight of them brought the memory of fairy stories read long, long ago, which emanated from just such surroundings. How easy it seemed amid these glowing woods to picture dwarfs and gnomes and fairies, and all that long company of spirits, good and evil, which crowd the German tales and legends! A little further on we stopped for a little refreshment by a lovely spot on the river, which dashes in white foam between its verdant banks into the gorge below. We saw we were beginning to leave the wild woods and were coming once more to civilized life. Here soldiers, fresh and bright in their shinning uniforms, well-to-do looking towns people, German frauliens arrayed in their best, and kindly mamas and solid looking business men, all enjoying the fresh, sweet air and the music of the river. One more night is left us in the Hartz, which we spend in the great hotel near the village of *Thale*, one more morning in the valley under its trees and by the banks of the Bode, with sketch book and Heine in hand, and we must start for home, carrying with us the sweet, beautiful memories of days which I think I can never forget. But which shall be in coming life a constant source of joy and refreshment. I feel as if I was leaving everything unsaid, all the legends which wait to be uttered, all the beauty which waits to be painted. But, perhaps, another day we may come again to this poetic region, of which indeed we have seen a small portion. We pass through old and historic towns which lie along our route. We make pleasant acquaintances in the train, who are eager to give us all the information, we as eager to receive about the country, through which we are hastening. At last the train rushes into the station, friends are waiting to welcome us, and we are soon plunged into the city news and excitement, but not so deeply but that in quiet moments, we can hear the pines and mountain rivulets holding converse together. Do you think it is fancy?

F. W. Damon.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Adventures in Patagonia.—A Missionary's Exploring Trip, by the Rev. Titus Coan, with an Introduction by Rev. Henry M. Field, D. D.—New York, Dodd, Mead & Company, No. 755 Broadway—1880.

About forty and five years ago, when we were studying as an under-graduate at Amherst College, there came to our college, a Mr. Arms, who had just returned from an exploring expedition to Patagonia. This gentleman represented that he was accompanied by a Mr. Coan. We can vividly recall many statements then made by Mr. Arms. A few months elapsed, and we remember to have read in the newspapers, that one of the explorers in the wild regions of Patagonia, had sailed as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands.

It was the old Latin poet, Horace, we believe, who counselled young authors to allow their thoughts to lie in manuscript at least nine years, but our missionary author has allowed his journal to remain five times that period in manuscript before publication, but we are glad to learn that he did not think best to commit his manuscript to his literary executors. The volume now lying on our table, reflects much credit upon the Rev. Mr. Coan, as an explorer and writer. Patagonia is a part of the world that one is glad to learn something about, although he might not be pleased to become a Summer tourist among its inhabitants, whom the old voyagers reputed as tall as the soldiers of the father of Frederick the Great. We are pleased to read, in the closing pages of the volume, a notice of Captain Gardner's missionary enterprise, in that forlorn region of Terra del Fuego, and where his sad death forms one of the most touching records of heroic adventure in the annals of the missionary enterprises of modern times. There is much in this volume worthy of perusal, and with the Rev. Dr. Field, of the New York *Evangelist*, we can commend the same to the reading of those who delight in bold adventure, plucky daring, cool judgment, honest purpose, and missionary zeal.

Valuable Publications.—We would acknowledge, through the kindness of Dr. Baker, of the English Mission a package of valuable publications from our old friend and college classmate, N. Allen, M.D, L.L.D., of Lowell, Mass. Some of these are from his own pen, and others relate to the State Charities of Massachusetts, being the Annual Reports. In no part of America is more attention paid to collating and gathering statistics relating to crime, insanity, sanitary measures, &c., than in the State of Massachusetts. Dr. Allen has devoted much time and attention to affairs of this nature. He is now quoted as authority. His efforts in leading the Trustees of Amherst College to introduce systematic exercise among the students have resulted in immense good. They have reduced the death-rate and elevated the health tone among the under-graduates. It was our privilege to be the Doctor's guest at the late meeting of the American Board, and to learn from his own lips much relating to the progress of medical science and sanitary efforts in America. Life is too short for one person to learn everything, but it is some satisfaction to know that specialists are laboring in all departments of science and learning. It is gratifying to read the results of their studies and researches.

Pomare no More!—The last remnant of native rule at Tahiti gone forever. The newspapers report that all Tahitians are now French citizens. The descendants of Pomare no longer rule at Tahiti, or any of the Society Islands. It is a singular and curious fact that Monarchical Europeans in Polynesia have invariably undermined the native rulers, as at Tahiti, Marquesas, New Zealand, Fiji, and it is to be feared will soon succeed at Samoa and Tonga. Whereas it is a fact equally manifest and incontrovertable, that on the Hawaiian Islands Republican or Democratic Americans have for more than half a century persistently and successfully upheld the kingly authority of the Kamehamehas and their successors. Mr. Wyllie's idea, which he labored for a quarter of a century to establish an Independent Hawaiian Kingdom, unhampered by Consular Courts or a Protectorate, would never have been realized had he not been most staunchly sustained and supported by associates and Americans, loyal and true to the best interests of the Hawaiian King and people.

Charles Burnham, Esq.—We are happy to welcome this gentleman, who resides, as a merchant, in Philadelphia. He originally visited the Islands in 1833, and superintended the building of the Bethel, having been sent hither for that purpose, by the late Major Williams, of New London. He subsequently erected the buildings of the Lahainaluna Seminary. After visiting the United States and returning to the Islands, he became manager of Koloa plantation. He left again for the United States, and, after an absence of just 35 years, he now returns with his daughter, to visit his old home. He was accompanied by Mrs. Burnham, when he left his home, and they were our fellow-travellers on the Overland Railroad, but in consequence of a severe cold taken at Ogden, she died at the Grand Hotel in San Francisco, Nov. 19th, esteemed, respected and beloved, by the wide circle of friends among whom she was known. Her remains were returned to Springfield, Mass. We bespeak for our friend a cordial welcome among his old acquaintance on the Islands.

OUR POSTAL SYSTEM MOST INCONVENIENT. In what other country are private citizens compelled to import postage stamps over a broad ocean? No wonder our foreign residents in Honolulu feel impelled in the way of gratitude to reward clerks in the New York and San Francisco Post Offices with "Presentation Canes" for helping us out of our sad dilemma! Not a mail arrives from San Francisco but scores of letters are marked "short postage." Suppose the United States Post Master General should issue an order forbidding Post Office clerks from acting as private agents for the Hawaiian Islands! If such a rule was enforced, Merchants, Insurance Agents, Bankers, and the general public would be compelled to look for many of their letters in the "Dead Letter" Department at Washington. Some months ago there was a report that such an order had been issued. This is our trouble on that side of the water, but at home it is equally as bad. Unless merchants and others kept on hand imported United States stamps, European correspondence could not be carried forward between the Hawaiian Islands and Europe.

Since the above was written we have received a letter Postmarked, Edinburgh, Scotland, and find the following upon the back of the same: "Sorry this has been returned. Have mistaken a four penny for a six penny stamp." The inconvenience of our Postage Stamp System to all wishing to communicate with our islands, in Europe, and other foreign lands, is very great. "When shall we have the International Post Office system?"

P. S. No. 2.—The Steamer's mail brought us letters; on the back of two we find the following: "Unpaid postage seven cents, affixed by G. F. Hopper. Superintendent New York Post Office—Short paid; deficit six cents paid by Wm. C. Dougherty. Assistant Post Master, San Francisco."

A SON OF JOHN MANGERO.—Many of our readers will remember the oft-repeated allusions in the columns of the FRIEND, during the past thirty years, to John Mangero, the translator of Bowditch's Navigator into Japanese, and the Japanese who was educated by Captain Whitfield, of Fairhaven Mass. During our absence a letter was received from his son, dated Tokio, Japan, March 26th, 1880. We think many of our readers will be interested in reading this letter, as it is an indication of what the young Japanese are doing, in the way of acquiring the English language, and aspiring to acquire a professional education.

TOKIO, March 26th, 1880.

My Dear Mr. Damon:—We received your kind letter of Feb. 4th on the 20th of this month, and we were very happy to hear that you are doing so well and healthy.

As my father has become old with age, and cannot write anything long, he requested me to answer your letter.

About nine years ago he was stricken down with a severe illness, and we all thought he would never get cured, but I rejoice to say that he has recovered entirely.

He told me often of your kindness, and he wishes to see you once more.

Many thanks for the news which you sent us some years ago by Mr. Koga, who spent quite awhile at the islands, and with whom you are very well acquainted.

I have two sisters and three brothers. One of my youngest sisters died suddenly last year from the cholera, which prevailed over the whole country at that time.

I am learning medicine at the Tokio Medical College, under German Professors, and I leave next year.

I am very happy if I have a good chance to see you. I hope to visit the United States and Europe some time, and if I do, I shall go and see my old father's friend, and tell you all that has happened to him.

I am quite well, and I hope all of you are the same.

Regretting that I can't give a more favorable reply to your letter, I remain, yours truly,

TOICHIRO NAKOHAMO,
Son of Mangero Nakohamo.

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

Dec. 4—Bk Lasker, Kaemana, Whampoa (88 days), via Yokohama (32 days).
7—Bkt Jane A. Falkenberg, Hubbard, 18 days from San Francisco.
7—Bk D. C. Murray, Raven, 23 days from San Francisco.
12—Bk Mohican, Berry, 162 days from New York
13—Bk Hermine, Lonngren, 75 days fm Hongkong
18—Bktne Eureka, Nordberg, 19¼ days from S F
20—Ger str Cassandra, Langer, 23 days fm Canton
21—R M SS Zealandia, Chevalier, from Sydney
22—Bk Buena Vista, Calhoun, 33 days fm Port Townsend
27—Brig J D Spreckels, Hanson, from San Fran
30—P M S S City of New York, Cobb, from S Fran
30—Tern Eva, Paul, from Humboldt
31—Sch Cassie Hayward, Le Ballester, fm Humb't
31—Bk Kalakaua, Jenk, from San Francisco

DEPARTURES.

Dec. 5—Bk John M. Clerk, Conant, for San Francisco.
6—St Hochung, Petersen, for San Francisco
10—Sch Excelsior, Kustel, for Port Townsend, W. T.
11—Bk Jennie Pitts, Seivert, for Port Townsend
11—Brig T W Lucas, Wentworth, for Pt Townsend
12—Brig Consuelo, Howard, for San Francisco
12—Bk Lasker, Kaemana, for San Francisco
20—Bk Amy Turner, Newell, for San Francisco.
21—P. M. S. S. Zelandia, Chevalier, for San Fran..
21—Georgani Apiani, English, for Fannings Island
21—Brig Hazard, Miller, for San Francisco.
28—Str Cassandra, for Hongkong
30—Bktne Falkinberg, Hubbard, for San Francisco
31—City of New York, Cobb, for Australia

MEMORANDA.

Report of P. M. S. S. Zealandia, Chevalier, Commander.—Left anchorage in Sydney harbor on 2nd December, at 3.15 p.m., and discharged pilot at 4.20 p.m. same day. Sighted Three Kings, 6th December, at 10.10 a.m., and arrived at Auckland, on the 7th, at 9.30 a.m. Left Auckland same day at 4.15 p.m., passed Samoan Islands, 12 December received Honolulu pilot on board, 21st December, at 12.30 a.m., and arrived at 1.15 a.m. On the 9th December, passed the P. M. S. S. Australia, bound to Auckland. Experienced moderate winds and cloudy weather from Sydney to Auckland, moderate easterly winds from Auckland to the equator, and thence to arrival fresh NE trades and fine weather.

R. McDonald, Purser.

REPORT of steamer Cassandra, Capt Lonngren—Left Canton, Nov 27th, at 9 P.M. Passed Formosa, Dec 1st, wind easterly with heavy sea and rain. Dec 4th, wind changed to westerly, light clear weather. Dec 7th, wind freshening, and in lat 27° 5 N, 147° E encountered a stro g gale with heavy sea, lasting about 12 hours. In lat 24° 36' N, 174° 45' W had continuous calms, weather pleasant. Dec 18th and 19th, light S E winds and fine weather. Sighted Niihau at 6 A.M. on the 19th. Took Honolulu pilot on board at 6.30 A.M., and arrived in harbor at 7.05 A.M. on the 19th.

P. M. S. S. City of New York, Captain Seabury, sailed from San Francisco Dec. 21st, at 4 P. M. Had a succession of south and south-west gales, with heavy seas. Dec. 24th, at 2 A. M., shipped a sea which washed overboard two seamen, Arthur Simpson and David Silbery, and one quarter boat; stove in rail and engine room doors; washed away ship's bell and ventilator. Dec. 30th the first fine day since leaving San Francisco; arrived in Honolulu harbor on this date.

PASSENGERS.

From San Francisco, per Jane A Falkenberg, Dec 7—E Wells Peterson, W C Crook, S Chamberlain, Jas Kernan, Thos Philbrick, S Howe, Jas Noor.

From San Francisco, per D C Murray, Dec 8—Mr and Mrs T Lack, J R Miles, G C Potter, jun, Mrs H Boxley and 2 children, E D Hawes, J Russell, W A King, Lawrence Miller, Geo Chapin, Peter Hovever, J H Jones, J Jersey, John Ford, Thos Wren, and 14 laborers.

For San Francisco, per Hochung, Dec 6—Jacob Walter, W R Lawrence.

From San Francisco, per Lady Lampson, Dec 13—Dr G L Fitch and wife, Miss Anna Sawyer, Miss Mary Rouse, Miss Nancy Robinson, Miss E Luaney, A C Dalias, L Lewis, A Sayra, Francisco Louay, Martin Barrow, L Gazzga, L Prenda and wife, A Lopez, J Justino.

For San Francisco, per Zealandia, Dec 21—H I Simson, J M S——, C W Colby & wife, W Alexander, Dr V T Bird, C J Prescott & wife, D S Colby, Charles Heinsen, O Brandt, J Clifford, L Pilon, H Deick, P J Brogan, H Netter, Chas L Hart, S Hubbard, Jas Hart, J Basquill, Geo Francisco, H M Barton, J M Dobson & wife, J N Coleman & wife, Miss H E Aldrich, Hugh Mackay.

From San Francisco, per Eureka, Dec 18—R McKensie, A W Robinson, W D'Freese, G Putnam, L Phillips, G R Trainor, S Brierly, D McNeil, D M Robbins, A Lancaster, C Hele, W Morris, J Morris.

For Fannings Island, per Giovanni Apiani, Dec 20—H Cornstock.

For San Francisco, per Amy Turner, Dec 20—Fred Carter.

From Sydney, per Zealandia, Dec 21—Dr J B W Wades, H H W Smith, M Murphy, A Shose, 7 saloon and 35 steerage passengers in transitu.

From San Francisco, per J D Spreckels, Dec 27—John D Spreckels wife and 2 children, Miss Minnie Siebein, Mrs J Mott Smith, Katie Hoesch, Wm Thomas, D Holmes, W F Miller, M C Lind, H J Rienner.

From San Francisco, per City of New York, Dec 30—C Ellis, C Burnham, Miss G Burnham, Mrs E J Nichols, Gen'l C E Furlong, Mrs M Briggs, J Hyman, Mrs C C Harris and servt, John Russell and wife, W Russell, J Heyler, Miss Burbank, M Swanzey, T H Davies,, Mrs E T Smsth, M Green Ers M B McMullen, J A Kennedy, S E Wooley, J A Grenney, Miss Johnson Miss A M Payson, H A Wooley, J H Gardner, Miss T Anderson, J Shaw, J Moore J B Tayard C L Crange S G Wilder, H T Williams, Dr D B MacKenzie, Carl Mohr, H J Crandall, J A Law L Hiorjh, A Strohl, M T Fisher Ah Lung, Tung Wo Ah Chiug, E M McDade, A Fisher, H Morgan wife and 2 children, Mrs W Chopel, E Luther, W T Rhodes, M Droyer, C Gansel, J Haffron, J Oyle, W Cooke A Jenkins, J Ashworto, E Hayboll, D S Sears, A L Tung, B N Wingate, Thos Herbert, A Wilson, E H Easer, W Braydon, J A McColters. T H Haley, M Haverung, E Anderson.

For Sydney, per City of New York, Dec, 31st.—Alex. Bolster, E. Ruckley, wife and 2 children, M, T. Meagher, Peter Paul, F Lester, Baron Friesen, R. C. Thorpe.

MARRIED.

COLBURN—LONG—In Honolulu, December 4th, by Rev. S. C. Damon, Mr JOHN F COLBURN to Mrs JULIA A LONG, both of Honolulu.

FOOK—OWN—In Honolulu, December 16th, by Rev. S. C. Damon, John F Ah Fook, to Mary Syan Act Own, both of Honolulu.

DIED.

In this city, on the 7th inst., Dr. G. T. Shipley, a native of Kentucky.

On December 4th, Waiohinu, Kau, Hawaii, T. E. Cooke aged 45.

O'BRIEN—In San Francisco, on Dec. 14, of consumption, John H O'Brien, a late resident of Honolulu.

EVERETT—Died in Honolulu, December 28th, Mr. EDWARD EVERETT aged 41, a native of Lexborough, Mass. He had lived upon the Islands about 25 years. He leaves a wife and two children.

BURKE—In San Francisco, Dec 9 in the 27th year of her age, Lucy A., daughter of Barbara and John Burke. The deceased was a sister of Mrs J Mort Oat jr. of this city and her loss is deplored by a large circle of affectionate friends.

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PRAYER.

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay;
Pray in the darkness if there be no light.
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven.
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see:
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be:
But if for any wish thou canst not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.
—[*Coleridge.*

A Ship's Crew that Turn Out Well.

We were most agreeably surprised a few days since to meet a shipmaster, whom we had not seen for twenty and eight years. The youth had become the man; the sailor the shipmaster. We refer to Captain Berry, of the Mohigan. In our interview we learned the following interesting items:—In the Autumn of 1852 Captain Berry belonged to the crew of the "Messenger Bird," Captain Doane, which was loaded with oil, for the United States. Captain Doane and all his crew of 13, even to the Negro cook, were from Cape Cod, and we think, all from Yarmouth. Only three of the crew have died, and two of them were shipmasters; lost at sea, and never heard from. The remainder are now shipmasters, or have retired, after successful careers, with ample means. One of them is the proprietor of a large orange orchard in Florida.

By referring to the "FRIEND," of October 19th, 1852, we find the following names of persons attached to the "Messenger Bird:" —Captain Doane, John Rinnell, Hiram F. Sparrows, Benjamin F. Berry, N. F. Baker, J. D. Lathrop, P. B. Chase, R. B. Nickerson and A. Doane. On further examination we find that this crew contributed $9:75 for the benefit of the Bethel, Captain Doane heading the subscription with $5. Such reminisences are very pleasant, recalling those years when, with youthful vigor and hopeful enthusiasm, we mingled with masters, officers and seamen of the immense fleet of whalemen and merchant seamen who were wont to congregate in the port of Honolulu. In a note attached to our Thanksgiving sermon of 1852, as printed in the "FRIEND" of December 11th, we find the following statement:—"As an apology for the strong American tone which pervades the sermon, we would call the attention of our readers to the following circumstances:—On Thanksgiving day, the editor, E. O. Hall, Esq., of the *Polynesian*, asserts there were 145 whaleships in this harbor. In addition, there were 12 merchant vessels, and the U. S. Frigate St. Lawrence. With only an occasional exception, these vessels are all under the U. S. flag. The number of seamen on board these vessels would not fall below 6,000. The amount of property invested in this large amount of shipping would doubtless amount to $15,000,000."

While calling on board the beautiful ship "Mohigan," so neatly kept, and while sitting in the cabin, our attention was arrested by Captain Berry's taste for beautiful flowering plants, carefully guarded, and the more so, when he remarked "This Ivy my wife gathered at Chester Cathedral; this Geranium is from the tomb of Napoleon, at St. Helena; this Ivy is from Hyde Park, London; this vinca from Java; this orange plant from Singapore, and this Wax plant from Cape Cod, and has been in the ship during the last five years, or ever since she first was launched." We did not wonder that the master of the "Mohigan" should be attached to his ship, or that his soul warmed up when he referred to *one* who had accompanied him in many of his voyages, but for once remained behind in old Yarmouth. It was pleasant, also, to hear our friend refer to his good mother, now 82, who still followed him, with her affection and prayers, as when he first went forth a sailor boy, from that Cape Cod, where the Mayflower first anchored, before the Pilgrims finally anchored in Plymouth Harbor, and landed on Plymouth Rock. We are glad to learn that noble men and women still inhabit regions associated with so many precious historic memories.

In Memoriam—Rev. Cochran Forbes.

By the "Australia" news was received of the decease of this brother, at his place of residence in Philadelphia, Pa. He died on the 5th of November, after a brief but severe illness of four days, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

His arrival here to spend his remaining years in the family of his eldest son, Rev. A. O. Forbes, had been anticipated by the same steamer which brought the tidings of his death; and many old friends at the islands, both native and foreign, were waiting to welcome him back to the much-loved scene of his former labors. He himself had looked forward most eagerly to a return to these shores, and to the re-union with beloved friends. His love for Hawaii nei and the Hawaiian people had never diminished, but seemed to grow stronger than ever with the increase of years.

He was born in Goshen, Chester County, Pa., July 21st, 1805, and received his education at Reading, Pa., in the Academy then under the care of Rev. J. F. Grier, D.D. In 1828 he entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey, and graduated in 1831, together with the late lamented Rev. Richard Armstrong, D.D., and the now venerable and beloved Rev. W. P. Alexander, of Wailuku, who is the only survivor of that trio. Mr Forbes was licensed by the Presbytery of Philadelphia, and at his graduation, ordained in the First Presbyterian Church of Baltimore, Md.; shortly after which he, with his newly married bride, sailed with a large company of missionaries for these islands, under commission of the A. B. C. F. M. Embarking at New Bedford on the ship "Averick," a whaler bound hither Nov. 26, 1831, after a tedious and uncomfortable voyage of more than five months they landed here May 17th, 1832, and Mr. Forbes was stationed at Kaawaloa, Hawaii, where he remained until 1845; when, on account of the prostration of his wife from ill health, he removed to Lahaina. There he remained till the fall of 1847, filling the post of Seamen's Chaplain, at a time when from one hundred to two hundred whaleships visited that port annually. Mrs. Forbe's health not improving, by the advice of the physicians, they returned to the United States, leaving Honolulu in Nov. 1847, in the ship "Abram H. Howland," Capt. W. T. Walker, and arriving at New Bedford April 2d, 1848, after a pleasant voyage of a little more than four months.

During that year he was, at his own request, released from the service of the A. B. C. F. M., and was settled as Pastor of the Presbytery Church at Rural Valley and Glade River, Armstrong County, Pa. Here he remained nearly eight years, when he accepted a call to Kendalville, Noble County, Indiana. The climate of that region, however, proving very unfavorable to health, after several years, he removed east again, and became Pastor of the Churches of Mount Union and Shirley, in the bounds of the Presbytery of Huntingdon.

Subsequently, on the establishment of the Presbyterian Hospital in Philadelphia, he accepted the post of Chaplain to that institution, where he continued till the day of his death. His beloved wife, Mrs. Rebecca D. Forbes, had preceded him to the Heavenly Home Jan. 16th, 1878.

His missionary life at these islands embraced a period of fifteen years and a half, and the total period of his service under the A. B. C. F. M. was seventeen years.

The Philadelphia *Presbyterian* says of him: "His kind and gentle ways, and his cheering and comforting words won many hearts to himself, and opened the way to spiritual guidance which will be remembered by many to whom he had access. His attractive character and useful life won him the respect and confidence of all his Christian brethren."

Of his fellow-voyagers in the reinforcement of 1832, Rev. L. Lyons, of Waimea, Rev. Messrs. Alexander, of Wailuku, and Lyman, of Hilo, with their wives, and Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs Emerson and Mrs. Hitchcock are the only remaining survivors.

A. O. F.

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Committee to Visit the Hospital and Prison—G. C. Lees, E. Dempsie, W. W. Hall, Dr. C. M. Hyde.

Committee of Early Meeting at Fort-street Church—Dr. J. M. Whitney, G. C. Lees.

Order of Services in the Chinese Language, at the Dedication of the Church, Sabbath Morning, Jan. 2nd., 1881.

1. Invocation, - - - - Sit Moon.
2. Reading Scripture Lessons. - -
3. Hymn. - - - - - - - - - -
4. Historical Statement by, - Sit Moon.
5. Responsive Reading—Psalm 24th.
6. Presentation of Keys, by Goo Kim, in behalf of the Building Committee.
7. Act of Dedication, read by Sit Moon.
8. Prayer. - - - - - - - - - -
9. Hymn. - - - - - - - - - -
10. Address, - - - - Shing Chack.
11. Hymn. - - - - - - - - - -
12. Dedication, - - - Rev. Dr. Hyde.

At 3, P. M., the Communion will be administered by Rev. Dr. Hyde and Rev. W. Frear.

Reading the scriptures and prayer, by Rev. S. E. Bishop.

A short address in English, giving a brief history of the Evangelic efforts in behalf of the Chinese, in the Hawaiian Islands, by Rev. S. C. Damon.

Singing in Chinese, and Benediction, by Rev. Kuaea.

THE old year is past; the new is with us. 1880, with its joys, sorrows, and experiences, is forever gone. 1881, with its infinite possibilities, is no longer a thing of the future, but already adorns our letter heads. What shall it be for each one of us; for our association; for the land of our birth, or adoption? It is a momentous thought that we can shape it largely as we will. Our association is now in its eleventh year, and we ought to be putting off the things of childhood, and taking up those of manhood; that is, we ought to do more and better work; there is a plenty of it waiting for us. Let us make a good record for 1881.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—Among the late arrivals of Chinese, a few among them belong to the Christian church. They came with their certficates of Church Membership. Some of which were signed by the Rev. R. Lechler, of the Basle Mission, and others the Rev. Mr. Faber, of the Rhenish Mission. The example of these Chinese Christians is most commendable, and if Christian professors coming from America, England and other countries, would follow their example it would be well.

THE JUBILEE SINGERS.—"Their career, in view of the disadvantages under which they commenced it, nine years ago, has been one of the signal events of the last decade. They have sung in most of the States of the Union, and in most of the countries of Europe. As Gen. Garfield said to them the other day, they have sung a university into being. Their concerts have purchased, for their Alma Mater, twenty-five acres of land, and reared upon it, at a cost of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, one of the finest structures in the South. They have been welcomed to the royal courts of England, Germany, Holland, the Netherlands, and have had Rock.. audiences scores of princes, princesses, and peers of Great Britain and the continent. There is not a troupe of vocalists in America that might not, and would not, be proud of such a record as may be found in the autograph book of these young freedmen and freedwomen.'—[*Advance.*

THE last steamer from San Francisco, Nov. 28th, brought the small-pox into our midst. The two cases reported were both of those who came down. By a miracle, indeed, or perhaps more correctly, by the mercy of God, the disease did not spread. Christmas or earlier was the last day when a case contracted here from this infection, was to have appeared, and it did not come. But the "Cassandra;" from China, with nearly 650 Chinese immigrants, brought the dread disease again, and it was in our very midst before it was discovered. It does not seem possible that we shall escape this time; indeed, other cases than that brought in have been reported. Any who passed through the terrible scenes of 1853, will dread a repetition of that terrible visitation. It is not likely, however, that we shall ever again have such a visitation of small-pox. Conditions are different. There is more sanitary care of the natives than in those days; they are living better; there are not such crowds of them clustered in close and unwholesome quarters. The Chinese do not seem to have a very great fear of the disease, but in Honolulu their chances of taking and spreading it are, perhaps, better than the native's. There may be a demand for a relief committee, for dispensers of medicines and supplies, for nursing and watching. If so, the young men are they who must stand forward and lead in this work. The time may come when their Christian courage and good will may be tested.

Week of Prayer—1881.

January 2.—Theme: Christ the only hope of a lost world.

Monday, 3.—Thanksgiving for the blessings, temporal and spiritual, of the past year, and prayer for their continuance.

Tuesday, 4.—Humiliation and confession on account of individual, social and national sins.

Wednesday, 5.—Prayer for the Church of Christ, its unity and purity, its ministry; and for revivals of religion.

Thursday, 6.—Christian education; prayer for the family, Sunday Schools, and all educational institutions, for Young Men's Christian Associations, and for the Press.

Friday, 7.—Prayer for the prevalence of justice, humanity and peace among all nations; for the suppression of intemperance and Sabbath desecration.

Saturday, 8.—Prayer for Christian Missions and the conversion of the world to Christ.

Sunday, 9—Theme: On the Ministration of the Holy Spirit.

☞ It was highly gratifying to witness the presence of His Majesty, Attorney General Armstrong and Col. Judd at the dedication of the Chinese Church on Sabbath morning. His Majesty, and many others, are not a little surprised to witness the earnestness and success which has crowned the efforts of the Chinese in the erection of this beautiful edifice. In a supplement to the FRIEND for this month, will be found the address of Dr. Damon at the church in the afternoon of the dedication, accompanied with a list of subscribers for the church, among the Chinese and others.

☞ Article 2 of the Constitution of the Y. M. C. A., of Melbourne, Australia, says: "The object of the Association shall be the spiritual, intellectual and social improvement of all within its reach." A pretty comprehensive paragraph: Do we of Honolulu carry out the spirit of this?